

Daily Kentuckian

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... This paper has enlisted
with the government in the
cause of America for the
period of the war

OUR SERVICE FLAG



LUXURIES NOT TO BE IMPORTED

The first list of imports to be pro-
hibited entrance into this country in
an effort to conserve tonnage for
prosecuting the war has been made
public by the War Trade Board un-
der authority of President Wilson's
proclamation of February 14, which
put all imports under license.

By denying permits for the im-
portation of certain metals, food-
stuffs and luxuries, which can be
obtained here or can be sacrificed to
the greater need of putting ships in-
to war business, the board expects
to add 1,500,000 deadweight tons to
the fleet carrying men and munitions
to Europe.

The list of eighty-two articles or
classes of articles constitutes only
those least essential, concerning
which there was little argument. Lists
to follow will touch various interests
more closely and will not be issued
until after consultation with the trade
affected, so that there will be a min-
imum of disorganization and loss.

Prohibition on the importation of
the articles listed is not absolute,
even for seaborne traffic, owing to
certain conditions of commerce which
will permit importation at times with-
out hindrance to the war programme.
Return cargoes from Europe may
bring prohibited articles, provided
they can be loaded expeditiously and
there is cargo space. Prohibited ar-
ticles also can be imported by rail
from Canada or Mexico, when origi-
nating in those countries or in others
where such goods are being licensed
for import.

The restrictions are not effective
on goods shipped prior to April 15.
In discussing the list, officials
stressed the fact that it was aimed
at no country, but touched all alike
which exported any of these articles
to America.

Some of the prohibitions will
scarcely be noticed by anyone in this
country, as they affect imports
of which only a small percentage
come from overseas. One per cent.
of the imported agricultural imple-
ments come in ships, it was pointed
out, and the prohibition will mean
little or nothing to the consuming
public, but will save an appreciable
amount of shipping space. Many of
the prohibited articles are of bulky
nature compared with their absolute
weight, so that the conservation actu-
ally will be greater than the figures
indicate. The elimination of many
long hauls also will serve to increase
tonnage facilities.

Pyrites constitutes the largest
single item on the list, contributing
207,000 to the total tonnage. Only
those foodstuffs were listed which
can be dispensed with and in many
cases retained more advantageously
in the country of origin, obviating a
further drain upon tonnage to trans-
port substitutes.

Breadstuffs, except wheat and
wheat flour, all fruits except bananas
and pineapples, all nuts and all vege-
tables, except lentils, beans and peas
are on the list. Luxuries which the
public must forego include jewelry,
art works, dice, billiard balls, poker
chips, musical instruments, perfum-
ery and feathers.

The Daily Kentuckian, with tele-
graph reports up to midnight, brought
the bad news from the war front to
the people of Hopkinsville before
daylight yesterday morning. Its
news service beat even the big papers
from near-by cities and papers ar-
riving later in the day only con-
firmed the news served first in the
Kentuckian.

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier
Who Went

ARTHUR GUY ENPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1918, by Arthur Guy Enpey)

CHAPTER XX.

"Chats With Fritz"

We were swimming in money, from
the receipts of our theatrical venture,
and had forgotten all about the war,
when an order came through that our
brigade would again take over their
sector of the line.

The day that these orders were is-
sued, our captain assembled the com-
pany and asked for volunteers to go to
the Machine Gun school at St. Omar.
I volunteered and was accepted.

Sixteen men from our brigade left
for the course in machine gunnery.
This course lasted two weeks and we
rejoined our unit and were assigned to
the brigade machine gun company. It
almost broke my heart to leave my
company mates.

The gun we used was the Vickers,
Light .303, water cooled.

I was still a member of the Suicide
club, having jumped from the frying
pan into the fire. I was assigned to
section 1, gun No. 2, and the first time
"in" took position in the front-line
trench.

During the day our gun would be
dismounted on the fire step ready for
instant use. We shared a dugout with
the Lewis gunners. At "stand to" we
would mount our gun on the parapet
and go on watch beside it until "stand
down" in the morning. Then the gun
would be dismounted and again placed
in readiness on the fire step.

We did eight days in the front-line
trench without anything unusual hap-
pening outside of the ordinary trench
routine. On the night that we were to
"carry out," a bombing raid against the
German lines was pulled off. This raid-
ing party consisted of sixty company
men, sixteen bombers, and four Lewis
machine guns with their crews.

The raid took the Boches by surprise
and was a complete success, the party
bringing back twenty-one prisoners.

The Germans must have been awfully
sore, because they turned loose a
harrage of shrapnel, with a few "Min-
nies" and "whizz bangs" intermixed.
The shells were dropping into our front
line like hailstones.

To get even, we could have left the
prisoners in the fire trench, in charge
of the men on guard and let them click
Fritz's strafing but Tommy does not
treat prisoners that way.

Five of them were brought into my
dugout and turned over to me so that
they would be safe from the German
fire.

In the candlelight, they looked very
much shaken, nerves gone and chalky
faces, with the exception of one, a
great big fellow. He looked very much
at ease. I liked him from the start.

I got out the rum jar and gave each
a nip and passed around some fags,
the old reliable Woodbines. The other
prisoners looked their gratitude, but
the big fellow said in English, "Thank
you, sir, the rum is excellent and I ap-
preciate it, also your kindness."

He told me his name was Carl
Schmidt, of the Sixty-sixth Bavarian
Light Infantry; that he had lived six
years in New York (knew the city bet-
ter than I did), had been to Coney
Island and many of our ball games. He
was a regular fan. I couldn't make him
believe that Hans Wagner wasn't the
best ball player in the world.

From New York he had gone to Lon-
don, where he worked as a waiter in
the Hotel Russell. Just before the war
he went home to Germany to see his
parents, the war came and he was con-
scripted.

He told me he was very sorry to
hear that London was in ruins from
the Zeppelin raids. I could not con-
vince him otherwise, for hadn't he seen
moving pictures in one of the German
cities of St. Paul's cathedral in ruins.

I changed the subject because he
was so stubborn in his belief. It was
my intention to try and pump him for
information as to the methods of the
German snipers, who had been causing
us trouble in the last few days.

I broached the subject and he shut
up like a clam. After a few minutes
he very innocently said:

"German snipers get paid rewards
for killing the English."

I eagerly asked, "What are they?"

He answered:

"For killing or wounding an English
private, the sniper gets one mark. For
killing or wounding an English officer
he gets five marks, but if he kills a Red
Cap or English general, the sniper gets
twenty-one days tied to the wheel of a
limber as punishment for his carelessness."

Then he paused, waiting for me to
bite, I suppose.

I bit all right and asked him why the
sniper was punished for killing an
English general. With a smile he re-
plied:

"Well, you see, if all the English gen-
erals were killed, there would be no
one left to make costly mistakes."

I shut him up, he was getting too
fresh for a prisoner. After a while he
winked at me and I winked back, then
the escort came to take the prisoners
to the rear. I shook hands and wished
him "The best of luck and a safe jour-
ney to Blighty."

I liked that prisoner, he was a fine
fellow, had an Iron Cross, too. I ad-
vised him to keep it out of sight, or
some Tommy would be sending it home
to his girl in Blighty as a souvenir.

One dark and rainy night while on
guard we were looking over the top
from the fire step of our front-line
trench, when we heard a noise imme-
diately in front of our barbed wire.
The sentry next to me challenged,
"Halt, who comes there?" and brought
his rifle to the aim. His challenge was
answered in German. A captain in the
next traverse climbed upon the sand-
bagged parapet to investigate—a brave
but foolishly dead—"Crack" went a
bullet and he tumbled back into the
trench with a hole through his stomach
and died a few minutes later. A lance
corporal in the next platoon was so en-
raged at the captain's death that he
thucked a Mills bomb in the direction
of the noise with the shouted warning
to us: "Duck your nappies, my lucky
lads." A sharp dynamite report, a flare
in front of us, and then silence.

We immediately sent up two star
shells, and in their light could see two
dark forms lying on the ground close
to our wire. A sergeant and four
stretcher-bearers went out in front and
soon returned, carrying two limp
bodies. Down in the dugout, in the
flickering light of three candles, we
saw that they were two German offi-
cers, one a captain and the other an
"unteroffizier," a rank one grade higher
than a sergeant general, but below the
grade of lieutenant.

The captain's face had been almost
completely torn away by the bomb's
explosion. The unteroffizier was alive,
breathing with difficulty. In a few min-
utes he opened his eyes and blinked in
the glare of the candles.

The pair had evidently been drink-
ing heavily, for the alcohol fumes were
sleeping and completely pervaded the
dugout. I turned away in disgust,
hating to see a man cross the Great Di-
vide full of booze.

One of our officers could speak Ger-
man and he questioned the dying man.
In a faint voice, interrupted by fre-
quent hiccoughs, the unteroffizier told
his story.

There had been a drinking bout
among the officers in one of the Ger-
man dugouts, the main beverage being
champagne. With a drunken leer he
informed us that champagne was plen-
tiful on their side and that it did not
cost them anything either. About seven
that night the conversation had turned
to the "contemptible" English, and the
captain had made a wager that he
would hang his cap on the English
barbed wire to show his contempt for
the English sentries. The wager was
accepted. At eight o'clock the captain
and he had crept out into No Man's
Land to carry out this wager.

They had gotten about halfway
across when the drink took effect and
the captain fell asleep. After about
two hours of vain attempts the unter-
offizier had at last succeeded in wak-
ing the captain, reminded him of his
bet, and warned him that he would be
the laughing stock of the officers' mess
if he did not accomplish his object, but
the captain was trembling all over and
insisted on returning to the German
lines. In the darkness they lost their
bearings and crawled toward the Eng-
lish trenches. They reached the barbed
wire and were suddenly challenged by
our sentry. Being too drunk to realize
that the challenge was in English, the
captain refused to crawl back. Finally
the unteroffizier convinced his superior
that they were in front of the English
wire. Realizing this too late, the cap-
tain drew his revolver and with a mut-
tered curse fired blindly toward our
trench. His bullet no doubt killed our
captain.

Then the bomb came over and there
he was, dying—and a good job too, we
thought. The captain dead? Well, his
men wouldn't weep at the news.

Without giving us any further infor-
mation the unteroffizier died.

We searched the bodies for identifi-
cation disks but they had left every-
thing behind before starting on their
foolhardy errand.

Next afternoon we buried them in
our little cemetery apart from the
graves of the Tommies. If you ever
go into that cemetery you will see two
little wooden crosses in the corner of
the cemetery set away from the rest.

They read:

Captain
German Army
Died—1918
Unknown
R. I. P.

Unteroffizier
German Army
Died—1918
Unknown
R. I. P.

CHAPTER XXI.

About Turn.

The next evening we were relieved
by the 4th brigade, and once again
returned to rest billets. Upon arriving
at those billets we were given twenty-
four hours in which to clean up. I had
just finished getting the mud from my
uniform when the orderly sergeant in-
formed me that my name was in orders
to leave, and that I was to report to
the orderly room in the morning for or-
ders, transportation and rations.

I nearly had a fit, hustled about
packing up, filling my pack with sou-
venirs such as shell heads, dud bombs,
nose caps, shrapnel balls, and a Prus-
sian guardman's helmet. In fact, be-
fore I turned in that night, I had every-
thing ready to report at the orderly
room at nine the next morning.

I was the envy of the whole section,
swanking around, telling of the good
time I was going to have, the places I
would visit, and the real, old English
beer I intended to guzzle. Sort of
rubbed it into them, because they all
do it, and now that it was my turn, I
took pains to get my own back.

At nine I reported to the captain, re-
ceiving my travel order and pass. He
asked me how much money I wanted
to draw. I glibly answered, "Three
hundred francs, sir," he just as glibly

handed me one hundred.

Reporting at brigade headquarters,
with my pack weighing a ton, I waited,
with forty others, for the adjutant to
inspect us. After an hour's wait, he
came out; must have been sore because
he wasn't going with us.

The quartermaster sergeant issued
us two days' rations, in a little white
canvas ration bag, which we tied to
our belts.

Then two motor lorries came along
and we piled in, laughing, joking, and
in the best of spirits. We even loved
the Germans, we were feeling so happy.
Our journey to seven days' bliss in
Blighty had commenced.

The ride in the lorry lasted about
two hours; by this time we were cov-
ered with fine, white dust from the
road, but didn't mind, even if we were
nearly choking.

At the railroad station at F— we
reported to an officer, who had a white
band around his arm, which read "R.
E. O." (Royal Transportation Officer).
To us this officer was Santa Claus.

The sergeant in charge showed him
our orders; he glanced through them
and said: "Make yourselves comfort-
able on the platform and don't leave;
the train is liable to be along in five
minutes—or five hours."

It came in five hours, a string of
eleven match boxes on big, high
wheels, drawn by a dinky little engine
with the "con." These match boxes
were cattle cars, on the sides of which
was painted the old familiar sign,
"Hommes 40, Chevaux 8."

The R. T. O. stuck us all into one
car. We didn't care; it was as good
as a Pullman to us.

Two days we spent on that train,
jumping, stopping, jerking ahead, and
sometimes sliding back. At three sta-
tions we stopped long enough to make
some tea, but were unable to wash, so
when we arrived at B—, where we
were to embark for Blighty, we were
as black as Turcos and, with our un-
shaven faces, we looked like a lot of
tramps. Though tired out, we were
happy.

We had packed up, preparatory to
detrainning, when a R. T. O. held up his
hand for us to stop where we were
and came over. This is what he said:



Dead Bodies Everywhere.

"Boys, I'm sorry, but orders have just
been received cancelling all leave. If
you had been three hours earlier you
would have gotten away. Just stay in
that train, as it is going back. Rations
will be issued to you for your return
journey to your respective stations.
Beastly rotten, I know." Then he left.

A dead silence resulted. Then men
started to curse, threw their rifles on
the floor of the car; others said noth-
ing, seemed to be stupefied, while some
had the tears running down their
cheeks. It was a bitter disappointment
to all.

How we blinded at the engineer of
that train; it was all his fault (so we
reasoned); why hadn't he speeded up a
little or been on time, then we would
have gotten off before the order ar-
rived? Now it was no Blighty for us.

That return journey was misery to
us; I just can't describe it.

When we got back to rest billets, we
found that our brigade was in the
trenches (another agreeable surprise)
and that an attack was contemplated.

Seventeen of the forty-one will never
get another chance to go on leave;
they were killed in the attack. Just
think if that train had been on time,
those seventeen would still be alive.

I hate to tell you how I was kidded
by the boys when I got back, but it was
good and plenty.

Our machine gun company took over
their part of the line at seven o'clock,
the night after I returned from my
near leave.

At 8:30 the following morning three
waves went over and captured the first
and second German trenches. The
machine gunners went over with the
fourth wave to consolidate the cap-
tured line or "dig in," as Tommy calls
it.

Crossing No Man's Land without
clicking any casualties, we came to
the German trench and mounted our
guns on the parapet of same.

I never saw such a mess in my life
—bunches of twisted barbed wire lying
about, shell holes everywhere, trench
all bashed in, parapets gone, and dead
bodies, why that ditch was full of
them, theirs and ours. It was a regu-
lar morgue. Some were mangled hor-
ribly from our shell fire, while others
were wholly or partly buried in the
mud, the result of shell explosions cav-
ing in the walls of the trench. One
dead German was lying on his back,
with a rifle sticking straight up in the
air, the bayonet of which was buried
to the hilt in his chest. Across his feet
lay a dead English soldier with a bul-
let hole in his forehead. This Tommy

must have been killed just as he ran
his bayonet through the German.

Rifles and equipment were scattered
about, and occasionally a steel helmet
could be seen sticking out of the mud.

At one point, just in the entrance to
a communication trench, was a stret-
cher. On this stretcher a German was
lying with a white bandage around his
knee, near to him lay one of the
stretcher-bearers, the red cross on his
arms covered with mud and his helmet
filled with blood and brains. Close by,
sitting up against the wall of the
trench, with head resting on his chest,
was the other stretcher-bearer. He
seemed to be alive, the posture was so
natural and easy; but when I got
closer I could see a large, jagged hole
in his temple. The three must have
been killed by the same shell-burst.

(Continued.)

DR. BEAZLEY

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